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EDITORIAL

by the Aussies suddenly remembering that they're currently a lot better at cricket than we are. How much better things were when they'd forgotten that and we were allowed to win. Still, summer can still be resurrected with this issue of *Club*, which not only boasts some 'hardon perennials' in Dani and Jenny, but also the brilliant return of Krystal. We also have the first of several lovely photosets from the gorgeous Kenna, while Jade, Ariana and Cassie take care of the 'International' side of things. Enjoy!

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LETTERSTOTHELQUNGE

Send your letters to: The Editor, Club International, The Lounge Suite, 23 Lyon Road, Hersham, KT12 3PU or email clubint@paulraymond.com. Best letter published every month gets £50



WELCOME TO THE CLUB!

Dear Club,

It really is a good time to be alive! I bought the latest *Club* on the strength of the cover, and it's the first mag I've bought in a few years. Literally every girl was new to me, and I didn't really know where to start. Mia Malkova is incredible, your regular girl Dani is gorgeous and what I wouldn't give for a night with Tommie-Jo. Where do I get back

issues? I've got a lot of catching up to do. Shaun. Skipton

Glad you appreciate our girls, Shaun.
We think you re-started your porn mag
buying with doozy of an issue, and we think
you'll like this one too. Back issue details
can be found on the inside front cover.
Treat yourself!

Dear Club.

I recently broke up with my boyfriend and left him. As I had nowhere to stay, my brother and his wife Lorraine invited me to kip at their gaff until I got sorted. Lorraine is a posh bit of stuff and I have always fancied the knickers off her.

My brother works late most evenings, leaving Lorraine alone in the house. She was very welcoming when I first came to stay two weeks ago, and recently our friendship has blossomed into intimacy – all since the day she accidentally entered the bathroom while I was drying off after having a bath.

Blushing profusely, she stammered an apology, her eyes running up and down my body nervously as I stood by the bath naked and dripping. Reaching for her hand, I drew her inside, inviting her to stay and chat while I dried off.

Her eyes seemed to follow every movement I made and my body tingled as I rubbed suggestively at my more intimate places. Timidly she reached forward and touched my breast, sending quivers of arousal racing to my pussy.

Her fingers traced every rounded contour of my body, then began to explore the hidden recesses of my most intimate places. I began to shake with the intensity of the pleasure she had awakened merely by touching me, and, abandoning the towel I began to undress her.

Naked, she was even lovelier than I had imagined, and her body smelled sweet with the fragrance of her excitement. I wanted to kiss and taste every inch of her but she held a hand out to stop me. Then, kneeling, she spread my pussy lips, exposing my clit.

My pussy was already wet but as Lorraine began to lick gently at my swollen clitoris my love juices began to spill; I couldn't help it.

Then, concentrating her oral efforts on my clitoris, she thrust a finger deep inside my vagina and frigged me. A huge orgasm rocked through my body, my cunt muscles clenching so intensely I thought I was going to implode. In the event, however, it was just the opposite. I exploded – over Lorraine, my pussy juices lightly spraying her hair and face as my entire body shuddered in ecstasy and stiffened like a board.

Like I said, I knew I fancied her, but this is the first time I'd ever acted on a lesbian impulse. I had to return the enormous favour she'd done me, and so I pushed her down



PHWOAR PHWOAR TOO!

Dear Club,

Watching the women's world cup was an enlightening experience. Not only are they pretty good (except for the goalkeepers, who are crap) but there are some really fit ones too. I'd like to see a few of the England girls with their kit off (and I'd like a few to keep their kit on!) – how about it *Club*?

Michael, Sevenoaks

We were cheering them on as well, Michael. And, no, it didn't hurt that a few of them look pretty good in a football kit. You didn't mention any particular names, so we're open to suggestions. Maybe an international girl gang bang? We reckon our homegrown honeys could win a sex world cup, easy!

to the bathroom floor. I inhaled the gorgeous scent of her pussy before letting myself taste it, and I discovered pretty quickly that I have a taste for pussy. As I lay there letting my tongue explore her sweet cunt, I was happy that I'd left my boyfriend, but also a bit worried that I'd ruin my brother's marriage. Not to worry though, Lorraine pulled my face in closer to her soaking, sweet twat and whispered that this, "would be our little secret."

Joanna, London 🌲

















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Premier League Season

Various Venues = 8th and 9th August

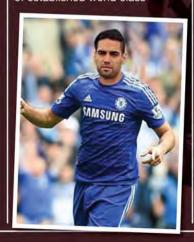
y the time you've looked at all the gorgeous girls in this issue and finally found yourself at this slightly less appealing feature a brand new Premier League campaign will no doubt have already begun. Some teams will have impressed already, and the tabloid back pages will have started questioning the preseason optimism of others, but as any hardened football fan will tell you: regardless of aspirations the Premier League is rarely won or lost in August. Happily for this (sort of) preview, however, things like previous performance and budgetary constraints mean that something approaching educated predictions can be made - even at this early stage.

Holders Chelsea, for example, must have a great chance of following up because they've retained the core of the team that fairly coasted to the title, topping the league for most of the campaign and benefitting from the dismal January endured

No sooner has one Premier League season ended than it's time for another one to begin. But what does it all mean? Matt Loxham doesn't know either...

by closest rivals Manchester City. They also have cash to fritter. Chelsea manager Jose Mourinho has even allowed himself the luxury of signing Radamel 'dodgy knees' Falcao, a striker who managed only four goals in 29 starts for Manchester United last season. Whether this is an act of genius from the 'Special One' or some kind of whimsical folly only time will tell.

Whilst also retaining the key men in a team that promptly fell apart when midfield talisman Yaya Toure went to play at the African Cup of Nations in January, Manchester City have to date been more cautious in the transfer market than Chelsea, the Raheem Sterling saga and the offloading of unspectacular squad-man James Milner to Liverpool dominating the headlines at the Etihad. With funds clearly available, however, the fact remains that if City are to mount a sustained challenge this time around then a couple of established world class



signings are desperately needed in midfield and attack to support Toure and prolific striker Sergio Aguero respectively.

Arsenal are a club with similar issues to City. Despite a strong finish to last season which saw them secure third place in the Premier League and win the FA Cup, Arsene Wenger's talented and usually very watchable team has been criticised on many occasions for lacking the backbone to help them grind out results when the inevitable injuries kick in and things aren't necessarily going their way (see defeat to Stoke and draws against Leicester and Hull last campaign). A potentially 'past best' Petr Cech arrives from Chelsea in attempt to shore things up between the sticks, and as always Wenger has been linked with some of the best midfielders and strikers in Europe. Real Madrid star Karim Benzema and Napoli's Gonzalo Higuain are the kind of iconic figures that could see Arsenal finally challenge for the title after years on the threshold, but of course this has all been said before prior to them sputtering in behind the big boys yet again.

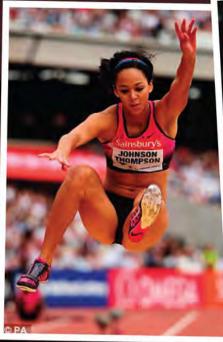
Following an unpredictable/ transitional/crap (delete as appropriate) 2014/15 that saw them somehow limp to fourth in the pile, Manchester United have been one of the busiest teams in the transfer market. Talented **Dutch winger Memphis Depay** arrives from PSV Eindhoven, and Italian international full-back

Matteo Darmian comes in to spice up a defence that looked completely fucking clueless for most of last season. In news that should really make the likes of Manchester City and Arsenal green with envy,



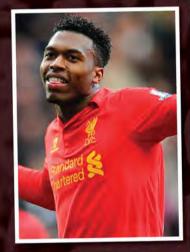
German playmaker Bastien Schweinsteiger pitches up from Bayern Munich in what looks a truly inspired signing from manager Louis Van Gaal.

With United poised to become a force to be reckoned with once again and some intriguing transfer activity at Liverpool and Spurs, this could be one of the most open and competitive Premier League shebangs in years. Rodger's Reds have snagged Nathaniel Clyne from Southampton and boast a fully fit Daniel Sturridge amongst their number. Tottenham have also bolstered their back four with the signing of Toby Alderweireld,









who spent last season on loan at Southampton. Southampton, incidentally, are looking a bit fucked

Now I don't wish to consign teams to the basement before the campaign has really begun, but if anything things are even more open in the bid to evade relegation. New boys Watford have been busy raking through the recycling bins at White Hart Lane, finding uses for Etienne Capoue and Benjamin Stambouli. Greek Defender Jose Holebas arrives kicking and screaming from Roma, although hopefully he'll cheer up a bit when he finds that Watford do at least have a theatre called the Colosseum. Holebas will also be happy when he discovers that the Hornets do seem committed to staying up.

Meanwhile, Bournemouth have been doing the 'sign ancient but reliable players thing', snapping up Sylvain Distin (72) from Everton. More encouragingly for Cherries fans, former Arsenal target Tyrone Mings swaps Ipswich for the South Coast to slot in at centre back. As Sunderland boss Dick Advocaat scans Europe for relegation-busting signings, Norwich have been plundering West Brom for luminaries such as Youssouf Mulumbu and Graham Dorrans. Canaries fans can at least take solace in the fact that Carrow Road boasts excellent catering facilities. Relegation could be harder to swallow.

World Athletics Championships

Beffing=22rd to 60th August

ealistically, the big stories at these championships are unlikely to involve many of the British competitors, although our trusty 'Super Saturday' heroes still have the capacity to shine.



Despite by his own admission 'jumping like a doughnut' at a recent meet and struggling for consistency in general, long-jumper Greg Rutherford represents one of our best hopes for gold in Beijing, and Jessica Ennis-Hill and erstwhile rival Katerina Johnson-Thompson could go head-to-head in the Heptathlon - injuries permitting. Mo Farah, returning to form with a Diamond League win in the 5000 metres after the recent media pisstest shitstorm, probably represents our best chance of golden glory, but

year to date over the 100, while Bolt has been grappling with a leg injury. Can Gatlin finally overcome his great rival or will his Jamaican nemesis return to once again thwart the tarnished challenger? Expect more drama when the pair clash again over 200 metres, although Bolt should be nailed on in that one.

In the women's sprint, Shelly-Ann Fraser-Pryce is the big draw, although commentator's nightmare Blessing Okagbare-Ighoteguonor is poised to push her all the way along with the Ivory Coast's Murielle Ahoure and

Despite by his own admission 'jumping like a doughnut' at a recent meet, Greg Rutherford represents one of our best hopes for gold"

beyond that it's potential slimpickings for Team GB.

Olympic bronze-medallist
Robbie Grabarz has outside
chances in the high-jump, and
Dina Asher-Smith and Chijindu
Ujah are stars in the making in
the women's and men's 100
metres respectively, but reaching
the final would be a massive
achievement in these big sprint
events where many of the
headlines will be made. Indeed,
Justin Gatlin versus Usain Bolt is
set to be the story of the games.

Having returned from a fouryear doping ban back in 2010, Gatlin is peaking again at the ripe old age of 33. He has run the fastest time in the world this the horticulturally-titled English Gardner of the US. Reigning Olympic champion Allyson Felix is the one to watch over 200, but she'll have to overcome Holland's Dafne Schippers and both Ahoure and Okagthingy in what is a super-competitive event.

The World Championships is poised to be the biggest athletics meet to take place at Beijing's famous Bird's Nest Stadium since the 2008 Olympics. Featuring many of the big names thrashing it out across one week of wall-to-wall track and field it's also set to be the most entertaining. Gatlin and Bolt, it's over to you − leg injury permitting, of course. ♣









ow, what a transformation. Last time Ariana graced *Club* (issue 44/5), she was revelling in wearing nothing. This time, she's dolled up and ticking off about three of our fantasies in one go.

"Well, I am at college," she reveals, "and this outfit might be the one that gets my professor to take me seriously. And if he doesn't take me seriously, he might take me over his desk..."













OFF YOUR HEDONIST

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RATINGS:

★ GROTBAGS ★★ MEG AND MOG ★★★ WITCHES OF EASTWICK ★★★★ MAGWITCH ★★★★★ THE WITCHER 3

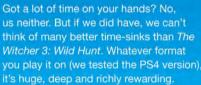




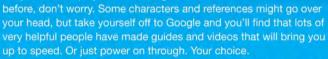


The Witcher 3: Wild Hunt

(Bandai Namco, Multi-format)



If you haven't played a Witcher game



You play the scarred hunter Geralt, a wizened character whose skills you develop as you proceed both through the huge main narrative and the many, many side quests. You'll fight, ride, sail, dive and everywhere you'll go you'll pretty much be in awe of the graphics on display. It's worth loading up just for the sunsets

The combat system works well, and it needs to because you'll be doing a lot of scrapping, and the developers, CD Projekt RED, have thoughtfully included a load of DLC for free on day one, making the game even vaster and the options more customisable

Many triple A game launches are incomplete and buggy, but *The Witcher 3*'s minor issues are already patched – this is a lesson in how to launch a major game. Now all we need to do is get rid of the wife, kids and our jobs in order to be able to play it... *****



It Follows

(ICON Entertainment, DVD £9.99, Blu-ray £12)

It Follows got great reviews in pretty much every movie magazine and serious newspaper. Yet if you go on to Amazon, there are 34 one star reviews. So, who is right and who is wrong?

Perhaps the real problem is what people expect from a modern horror. This isn't a

cheap quiet... quiet... LOUD! horror film that goes for jump shocks. It's a more interesting tale of a relentless curse that stalks at a glacial pace, and can be passed on through sexual contact. It takes different forms, it doesn't hurry, but always it comes. Maika Monroe makes for a realistic, likeable lead, and while you might think the 'curse passed through sex' is morally dubious, that's a simplistic reading of a fresh, original horror. One star my arse.



X-Men: Days of Future Past Rogue Cut (20th Century Fox, DVD £8.99, Blu-ray £12.50)

Days of Future Past was a fine reboot for a series that had lost its way a little, but is this Rogue Cut at all necessary, or just a money-spinner? Well, a bit of both. Many fans were frustrated that we only got a mere glimpse of Anna Paquin's Rogue in the cinematic cut, and this version



restores her. But only a little bit – of the extra 18 minutes, she's only in about one and a half of them. Yet that's a quibble, the other new and extended scenes are a welcome addition, and allow the film to breathe a bit more. The pace is less frenetic, more considered. Although those who feel superhero films are already too long probaby won't agree - but they can content themselves with the included theatrical version.

A Pigeon Sat on a Branch...

(Artificial Eye, DVD £9.99, Blu-ray £12.99)

Roy Andersson's films aren't for everyone - there's no heartwarming arc, or plot to speak of, they're Swedish. But the brilliant designed sequences of bizarre set pieces he stages have a hypnotic quality that mark him out as truly unique. This continues the fine work of Songs From The Second Floor.



Jupiter Ascending

(Warner Home, DVD £9.99, Blu-ray £14.99)

The Wachowskis are still feeding off the goodwill for the first *The Matrix* movie, as this is their umpteenth stinker in a row. Baffling, humourless and badly acted (Eddie Redmayne, so good as Stephen Hawking, is awful here), this is another expensive shambles.



Chimes at Midnight

(Mr Bongo, DVD £12.99, Blu-ray £13.99)

Welles favoured this over his other movies (which include *Citizen Kane* and *The Magnificent Ambersons*, don't forget), an adaptation of Shakespeare's Henry cycle. He himself plays Sir John Falstaff, while John Gielgud is superb as King Henry IV. A great film, but such a shoddy transfer and restoration, with no extras, make this a version to avoid.



Cassic

Mona Lisa

(Arrow Video, Blu-ray £14.99)

The late Bob Hoskins was great at essaying underworld characters, but George here is a different beast to his brash, bewildered Harold Shand in *The Long Good Friday*. Here he's a chauffeur working for gangland boss Michael



Caine, driving a prostitute (Cathy Tyson, a career best) between clients and drawn into a world he doesn't understand (so, echoes of Harold Shand in some ways). He deservedly won awards galore, and this brilliant restoration is a fitting tribute to his fine work. It retains his commentary with director Neil Jordan from the DVD issue, but the image and sound is a clear few notches up. A British classic.





Daredevil: The Man Without Fear Frank Miller, John Romita Jr. (Marvel £14.99)

Miller and Romita Jr's fine 1990's origin story for Matt Murdock was the template for the unexpectedly brilliant recent Netflix series. The vibrant artwork contrasts with the dark interior world of the newly blind Matt as he learns about good, evil and the compromises his late father made to protect him. Meet Stick, The Kingpin and all manner of friends and foes who are part of the Daredevil world.



The Hollow Man

John Dickson Carr (Orion £8.99)

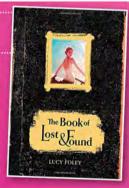
The locked room mystery is the greatest test of a crime writer's mettle, and John Dickson Carr's is often cited as one of the greatest of the genre. Age has not been kind to it. It's still ingenious, in its way, but the characters are so wooden they're in danger of going up in flame at any moment. Add in some clunky dialogue and you've got an important but somewhat mannered classic.



The Book of Lost & Found

Lucy Foley (Harper Collins £12.99)

A love story that spans the 20th century, this might scream 'chick lit' in many regards (although the cover doesn't) but is a fine, rewarding read. A young woman pieces together the past and a love affair across the classes that was torn apart by war. Foley's characters are rich and well-drawn, the plot engrossing, the emotions quietly devastating. Great stuff.



The Sunrise

Victoria Hislop (Headline Review £7.99)

If you holiday somewhere decent, you'll always see a woman reading a Victoria Hislop on her sun lounger. If you holiday with Club you're more likely to see someone reading a ghosted TOWIE autobiography. Anyhoo – set in Cyprus, albeit one shelled to fuck, this is a perfect holiday read. A family yarn that adds war to its mix of love, relationships and Greek/Cypriot drama.







Skullcandy Grind

www.skullcandy.com

Back in the 80's, you either went to Tandy, HMV or your local Hi-Fi enthusiast for headphones and paid accordingly. Now, you're spoiled for choice everywhere you look, from leaky earbuds to super highend noise cancellers that cost as much as a decent used car.

Skullcandy are generally affordable, good for the price and somewhat tacky looking, and the Grinds tick all those boxes. Bass is balanced and sound a lot better than you normally get in a £40 set of cans.

Pros: Pleasant to wear, REX40TM drivers

do their work.

Cons: Design a bit 'youth market'.



AEG Fantasia

www.storeuk.lavazza.com

The coffee revolution shows no signs of slowing down in the UK, and while many may moan about all the flat whites, it has to be said we like being able to get a decent cup of coffee a lot more than we liked Mellow Birds. Of course, who wants to queue up among all the women ordering frappucinos when you can make your own splendid coffee at home. Yes, you're reliant on one brand of capsule - A Modo Mio but this packs in more features than your standard Nespresso machine. It makes it trickier to use, but its more customisable if you have a family who all like a different kind of coffee.

Pros: Attachments can go in the dishwasher.

Cons: More complicated than Mellow Birds.



Raumfeld One S

www.raumfeld.com

We were always told not to take electrical items into the bathroom – unless we were planning a murder, obviously – but when something like the One S advertises itself as 'splash proof', then it's almost an invitation to electrocute oneself. Note that's 'splash proof' - we wouldn't advise perching it on the edge of your bath.

This is actually a nice wireless speaker from a German bunch with a good name for this kind of thing and who are now starting to emerge into the UK market. We found set-up a doddle (but then we're swimming in Ethernet cables, to be honest) and sound really punchy. For you, Raumfeld, the bath

Pros: Good looks, nice sound. Cons: Lack of bluetooth. &









ani's time as *Club*'s regular girl has been a memorable one. So we're sad to say it is coming to an end.

Do not despair, dear reader. The gorgeous girl will be no stranger to these pages, and we'll always welcome her back with open... well, you can guess the rest.

"I've had a blast, and loved shooting with your photographers," she says, "but it's time for me to work on some other projects. I've been making some sexy films with my partner and you can find those online. It's nice to be in control of my own career. I'm looking forward to meeting some readers at the awards later this year – so make sure you vote for me!"

Oh, we've been voting every single month... &























ebutant Jade is a 20-year-old Californian who was spotted by one of our scouts queueing up for coffee in some trendy LA beard-and-brews spot. She stood out like a dick at a dyke-party amongst all the plaid-wearing hipsters. Well, she'd stand out anywhere...

"This is my first proper photo shoot," she giggles. "I've shot a couple of times before, but not with a proper set-up, lighting and all that. It made for a sexy atmosphere. I don't mind admitting that I got a little bit excited and had to ask for a 'comfort break' so I could go and rub one out. I think if you look closely, you can see how wet I am in some of the photos."

Oh, don't worry, we noticed... .

















CRUFF JUSTICE!

The page that makes all rise!













This Fast & Furious knock-off from DP might not have much in the way of box-office appeal - the stunts are as expected, the acting shabby, the script dismal - but it certainly has cocks office appeal. Mia Malkova and Aidra Fox are both Club

favourites, while Riley Reid, Selena Rose and Lola Foxx make up the remainder of a female cast that will leave no dick unstirred. Forget clutch control, you'll have to practice crotch control to leave yourself alone with these babes onscreen. ****



Debauchery Mansion

(Dorcel)

Lola Reve gets star billing in this one, and while she's nice, she's definitely not the main attraction at this visit to the manor of vice. No, that might be Czech wonder Carla Cox, or perhaps Blighty's own Jess West (no relation to Fred). Lola's DP might be the rudest, but with foursomes and girl/girl trysts thrown into the mix, this has something for everyone. Well, apart from an invite to the mansion, but surely that's on the way? ★★★★



London Love Affairs

(Private)

While not every girl here is English, this London-set clutch of scenes does feel homegrown. Although all the studs are German. Coming over here, fucking our birds, who won the war etc. Misha Cross, Stella Cox, Karlie Simon, Amarna Miller, Tiffany Doll - we're not complaining about the girls, and there's nothing to stop us going over to Germany to fuck their girls. Although they'd probably ask us to poo on them... ★★★



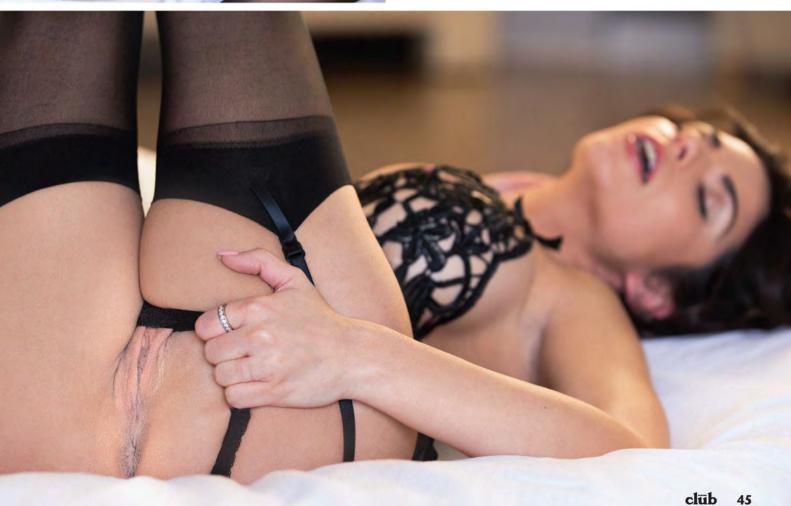






ome girls burn brightly in the glamour world, then retire too soon. And Krystal was one such girl – charming, beautiful, alluring, sexy... and then she was gone. Well, she's back!

Yup, we're delighted to announce the return of Krystal to the pages of *Club* (and our sister mags, if you like that kind of thing!) and long may this comeback last. Anyone else have memories of that 40th anniversary shoot with Sasha? Don't worry, we're lobbying for a rematch...



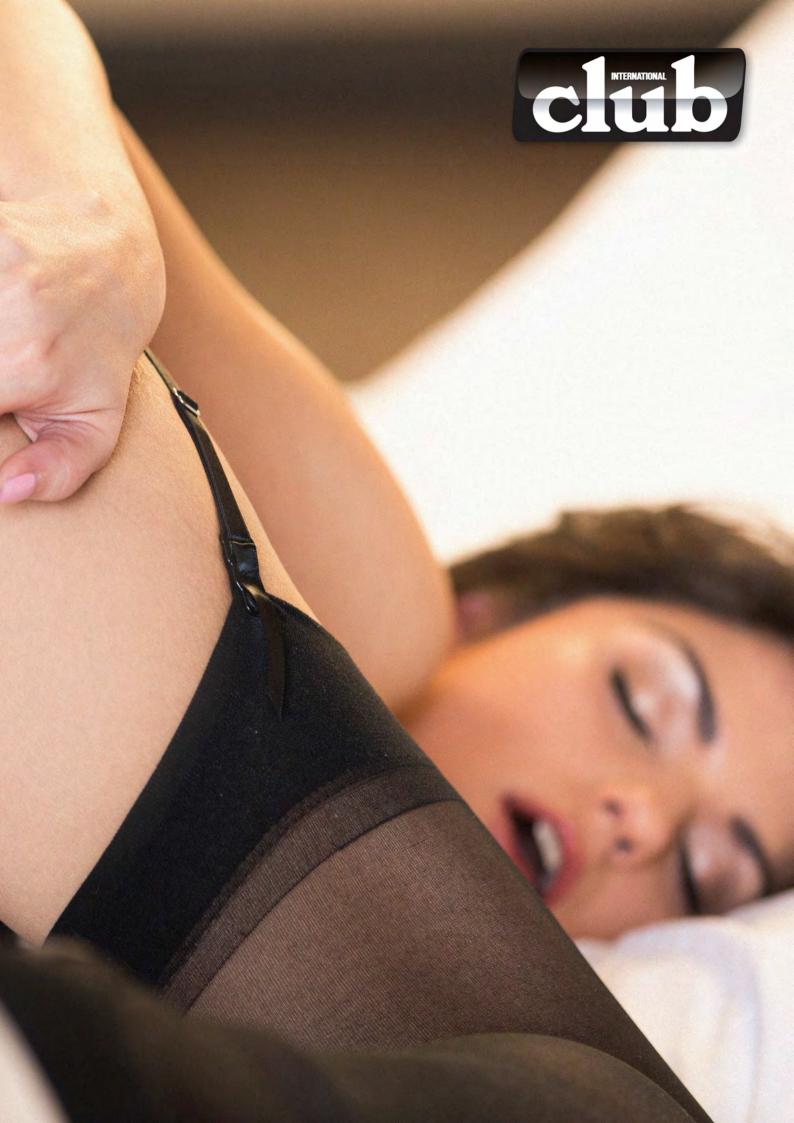
















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All the world's a stage, and sometimes famous ladies get their norks out on it...

he unseemly delay in elevating Rachel McAdams to the stage of the Globe Theatre is more her fault than ours. As she moves into her late 30's, we were hoping for a bit more nudity from the Canadian cutie, but it seems this A-lister is actually becoming a bit more shy. Our last glimpse of her Canuck cans was in 2013's *To The Wonder*, then hop in the time machine back to 2009 for a smidgen of bum in *The Time Traveler's Wife*. For lots of boobs, we have to dig our way back to 2002's obscure *My Name Is Tanino*. Ten years between boobs? Now that's rack rationing!





TALKIN' BLUE

Got an experience to share? Then send it in to Talkin' Blue at the usual address and if it's up to scratch you'll bag yourself £50!



CAUGHT IN THE ASS!

I knew before we started dating that my boyfriend, Martin, was a shit, but like most naïve girls, I thought I could change him. He'd always had a reputation as a ladies' man, but I foolishly thought that as long as I was an utter slut at bedtime, I'd be able to keep him to myself. God, how wrong was I?

Of course, he was good as gold for the first few months, but then the late nights at work and nights out with the lads started cropping up more frequently, and I began to smell a rat. In the end, I did the bunny boiler thing, and stalked him at work one night. Martin works as a shift supervisor for a cleaning company, so keeps odd hours at the best of times. He'll quite often do night work to top up his income, and I knew that he would be working in the City at a brokerage house near to the bank I work at. So, after a meal with some girly friends and a few drinks, I headed along to see if I could catch him out.

Getting into the building was no problem, since one of the other cleaners was working in the fover and could vouch for me with the security guard. I tipped the lad with the polishing machine a tenner and asked him

not to tell Martin, because I wanted to surprise him.

Martin was up on the 10th floor, apparently, so I headed up to the ninth floor on the lift, and used the stairs to sneak up to the next level. To my surprise, the floor was dark, and there wasn't a single vacuum cleaner to be heard. Maybe I'd misheard the cleaner? I carefully walked around the corridors, unable to see anything moving at all, until a sound caught my attention. It was one I recognised: the sound of Martin's grunting as he fucked.

I felt furious and sick at the same time, and tip-toed over to the glass office wall where the noise was coming from. Peeking around the corner, I looked in and saw Martin on his knees, servicing a woman from behind. She was obviously one of his contract cleaners (I could tell by her outfit), and from the way the sweat was dripping off Martin's back, they'd been at it for a while. I stood there, stunned, humiliated and hurt by the scene before me. I wanted to walk right in and kick him square in the balls for what he'd done to me, but I couldn't, I was rooted to the spot, mesmerised by the scene.

From my position, I couldn't see the girl Martin was so enthusiastically fucking, so I moved around slightly, so that I could get a better view of her. She was a pretty little blonde thing, probably only about 20, so at least five years my junior. I bitterly wondered if that's why my shitty boyfriend had gone for her: the bloom of youth and all that. Her tits were very large for her small size, and swaved back and forth as Martin pistoned into her. Clearly, her unattractive overalls were getting in the way, because Martin paused briefly so she could remove them fully, and I got a much better view of her as she stood to take them off. For starters, she was wearing black hold up stockings (hardly the right outfit for industrial cleaning) under her overalls, and her matching thong and bra were cast to one side on the floor. It seemed obvious to me that if she was dressing for the occasion. then this wasn't a one-night stand. What troubled me most, though, was the fact that I found the whole thing rather exciting. My heart was fluttering, and I had that warm



f I had the perfect view of his rock hard cock. wet with her juices, as he nudged his helmet towards her cunt"

sensation in my groin. I was becoming aroused watching my boyfriend's infidelity, and that bothered me.

The slut got back down on her hands and knees and Martin shuffled into position, his trousers still round his ankles. Very classy. From where I stood, I had the perfect view of his rock hard cock, still wet with her pussy juices, as he nudged his helmet towards her bald cunt. Martin held his member in one hand and wiped his glans up and down the length of her slit, but just when I thought he was going to ram it inside her, she looked over her shoulder at him and muttered something. Taking her lead, Martin moved his prick further up and as my mouth opened in amazement, he gently pushed his cockhead into the tight pink ring of her anus. As his helmet penetrated her, she threw her head back, her blonde hair cascading down her back and her hands clenching into little fists.

Almost instinctively, my hand slipped under my skirt and grazed across the gusset of my panties. As I suspected, it was already wet, and I gave in to the urge and eased a finger under the material and slid it inside, dragging my palm down over my stiffening clitty.

Martin got ambitious now, and stood up in a crouch so his balls dangled over his slut's arse cheeks as he fucked her. I was stunned to see how hard he was fucking her arse; driving it all the way, deep inside her and then pulling out until his glans almost slipped out,

Martin fucked her face for a few strokes, finally grunting and firing his load deep down her throat"

before powering it back up her arse. She obviously enjoyed it, though, because it wasn't long before she reached underneath herself and started ramming a couple of fingers into her wet cunt in time to his thrusts. I copied her, timing my own wank to her movements, rubbing my clit as I fingered myself, my panties soaking up more and more of my juices.

I knew Martin couldn't hold out for long like this (through experience!), and sure enough, within a few seconds he yelped that he was going to cum. I wasn't sure what to expect next, but I certainly didn't imagine the porn film scene that I was about to witness. Martin pulled his prick from her gaping bumhole and waddled round to her face. She eagerly grabbed his twitching cock and guided it into her mouth. Martin then fucked her face for a few strokes as her cheeks hollowed and puffed, finally grunting and firing his load deep down her throat. As if to prove it, as his softening cock slid out of her mouth, she opened her mouth wide and grinned at him,



showing that she'd swallowed his load.

Martin kissed her, and as he pulled his trousers on, I came up with a plan. Moving down the corridor, I rang his mobile phone and faking tears, told him I'd been mugged, and that he'd better get down to the A&E right away. Sure enough, within five seconds, Martin flew down the corridor, tucking his shirt in as he went, and jumped into the lift. Serve the bastard right when he gets there and I'm not around, I thought.

And then I had another thought. I still hadn't cum, and my burning cunt needed relief. Fuck it. I thought, and walked right into the office where the little cleaning slut was drying her wet cunt with some tissues. She jumped up as I walked in, and tried to cover her nakedness with her overall.

"Don't bother, love," I told her. "I've just watched my boyfriend fuck you in the arse, so it's not like you're showing me something new." At that, she was speechless, so I took control, which is what I'd wanted to do.

"He's good, isn't he? Did you cum?" She nodded and then shook her head.

"What's your name?"

"Gemma," she whispered.

"Well, Gemma, from what I saw, you're a dirty little bitch, aren't you?"

"I don't want to get into a fight about this," she murmured, looking around to see if anyone would come to her rescue.

"Martin won't be back for a while," I smiled, mischievously. "I told him I was in casualty."

"What do you want?" Gemma almost whimpered.

I held up my short skirt, showing Gemma my wet knickers. "Guess," I told her.

At this, Gemma's face almost broke into a grin, and she dropped back to her knees,



TALKIN' BLUE





I sat astride his thighs and kneaded my knockers as I slid them up and down his pole"

casting her overalls to one side, and came towards me. Gemma pulled my panties down my thighs, burying her face in my bush and started gently lapping at my soaking cunt. It wasn't the first time another girl had eaten my pussy, but it was definitely the horniest. My knees trembled as Gemma's tongue wormed its way inside my twitching hole and she ran her teeth over my clitoris. Looking down, I was even more turned on to see her hand disappear between her legs as she played with her own cunt.

As Gemma's tongue started to fuck me in a slow, powerful rhythm, I felt the muscles of my cunt tighten as a wave of pleasure flowed through me, confirmed by Gemma's moans as she came off at the same time. I thought that would be the end of it, but Gemma continued to lick my pussy until the spasms had subsided, and then wiped me dry with some tissues. I was half tempted to return the favour, until I remembered my place in this 'relationship'.

Straightening my clothes, I turned to her and snatched the thong from her hands as she was about to put it on.

"We should do this again," I told her, and Gemma turned to the nearest desk and jotted her mobile number down on a scrap of paper. "Call me. Anytime, really. I'd love to do that again," she sort of smiled. "Why do you want my panties?" she asked.

"I'm going to put them in Martin's jacket

pocket later tonight, to keep him on his toes. Oh, and you can keep seeing him if you like, but I'll expect the same treatment whenever I want it, and I might do the same for you, too." I told her.

So I now have a panicking boyfriend who can't do enough for me, and his dirty little slut ready to eat my cunt whenever I want it. Who said cheating boyfriends are all bad? *Caroline, London.*

TONGUE AND TITS!

I'm a streetwise, sussed woman, and I'm well aware of the effect my body has on redblooded blokes. You might think me vain, but I'm just telling it like it is. I've got alert, sparkling eyes, and my mouth is kind of wide, with full, snoggable lips. My legs are long and shapely, my arse is full and round, and my skin is silky and sensuous. But my best feature has to be my tits, which, to be blunt, are enormous! They're entirely nature's work -I've never felt the need to cosmetically augment what God gave me - and I've found that fellas like nothing better than to have me squeeze them around their heads and their cocks. Yes, guys love to suck 'em, fuck 'em, grab 'em and grope 'em and I couldn't be happier with that!

Take last Friday night. This cute guy I'd picked up at the club gave me that same familiar gobsmacked look when I stripped in front of him in my bedroom. It's not like he'd have been completely surprised at the size of my assets. No, I reckon guys get like that with me because they can't believe their luck when what they've been gagging for all night is finally within reach.

His hands were all over the place as I helped him off with his kit, so I had to do most of the work myself. But it was worth it by the time he was totally starkers, and I

wrapped my big, juicy lips around his – well, big, juicy hard-on! God, I love to do that. This guy was in raptures from minute one, like they always are when I get my gob to work on their tackle.

I did my old trick of tensing my lips and waggling my tongue underneath his helmet, then sliding down the shaft till the whole works were in my mouth. On sliding up again, I bared my teeth, to grate a little along the shaft till just his knob head was left in my mouth. That's my technique, and blokes love it; this guy being no exception!

After a short while, my fella's nut-sack tightened, and I knew he was nearly ready to spurt unless I eased off a bit. I'd been frigging myself all the while – I know you blokes like that too! – and I was almost as close to



climax as he was. I wanted us both to get off in a really special way, so I decided to bring out the big guns – if you know what I mean!

Standing up suddenly, I let my tits sway enticingly with the force of the motion, giving my hunk a wink and nodding him towards the bed. I got him to lie on the bed, and that's when I gave him the tit-fuck of his life. I've done that loads, and I just get better every time. I sat astride his thighs and kneaded my knockers as I slid them up and down his pole, which was sunk so deep into my cleavage that at times I could only see the glistening tip peeking up at me; a little glinting glob of cock-cream already seeping out.

The sight of that got me going even more. I didn't have a hand free to keep strumming at my clit, but I didn't need to – I could feel my

orgasm building in my box like a champagne bottle about to burst its cork. Plus, I could swear I could feel lover-boy's cock head swelling fit to burst; my knockers are that sensitive.

Then – pow! A fountain of pearly juice sprayed over my open lips, then another shot sprayed across the top of my quivering mams. There were two more showers that completely coated my tits – and, believe me, that's an awful lot of spunk!

Roxy, Coventry.















































































































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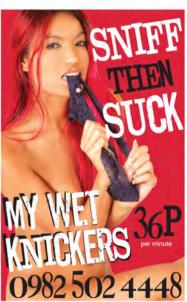
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SPECIAL DELIVERY!

The postman and I have weekly rectal romps. My husband is a very vanilla kind of guy, and has no imagination where sex is concerned. The missionary position is as far as he goes and I usually have to use my vibrator after intercourse with him because he only rarely makes me cum.

Our postman, however, is a big muscular black guy. I have fancied the arse off Roy since he first started on our route. He is a friendly kind of bloke and I am sure that I am not the only bored housewife that he keeps satisfied during his delivery round.

Tuesday is my turn and I usually spend some time preparing the bedroom for his arrival. I change the sheets, draw the curtains, light some scented candles and put a bottle of lube on the bedside table. Last Tuesday he gave me the bum-fuck of the year and my ring is still throbbing from it!

At eleven o'clock I unlocked the back door, and went up to the bedroom - positioning myself on the bed so the first thing Roy would see was my arse waiting for his attention. Minutes later I heard Roy let himself in, and my ring contracted in expectation of the treat in store.

He stripped off his clothes revealing his huge cock, which was sticking out from his body like an iron bar. His massive ebony phallus had my hot pussy dripping in anticipation, and waggling my hips, I reached back and raked my arse-cheeks wide with my fingernails.

Roy took the bottle of lube and squeezed some onto his palm. Having warmed it in his hands he began massaging it into my arse crevice. Working the warmed lube into my pulsing ring, he gently prodded at my sphincter muscle with a finger before forcing it inside.

My pussy throbbed as he stimulated my rear entrance and I gasped in delight, as, with his other hand, he titillated my clitoris. Pinching my clit and frigging my arsehole, he wanked me to orgasm. As my climax receded he withdrew his fingers and pushed his dark purple cockhead towards my lips.

His cock was a beautiful sight: glistening with the beaded dew of his pre-cum. I opened my mouth gratefully and worked his thick black meat inside my mouth. Drawing on it hard I sucked it to full erection, stimulating the seeping gland until he jerked it out and moved around behind me once more.





Working the warmed lube into my pulsing ring, he gently prodded at my sphincter with a finger..."

Positioning himself between my legs he pulled : want to hear my favourite? I hought so! my bum-cheeks wide and shunted his rod into my anal canal in one smooth, ferocious thrust. I gasped as he pounded my rectum, his thick black cock pumping in and out of me like a piston with increasing momentum. I could feel it thicken as he thrust harder into me then with one last extra-hard heave he propelled his huge penis as deep as he could and discharged, shooting warm spunk up my

My pussy clenched as the friction from his massive phallus moving inside my rectum stimulated my vaginal nerve endings through the thin membrane that divides both holes. My cunt clenched like a fist and I came so hard that pussy juice literally spurted from my cunt. I don't squirt often, but when Roy is filling my arse, it happens nearly every time! Candy, Southend

RECTAL ROOTING!

I've got to be honest about this - I simply can't wait to get off with you. I'm quite literally counting the days until you arrive. The very thought of it makes my pussy so wet, if your face was between my legs you'd think that you were taking a shower. But it wouldn't be water cascading over your face. No, it'd be my sweet-smelling pussy juice. Oh yes, my cunt is aching for a long, hard fucking from you. I've even thought about how we're going to do it. I have loads of different fantasies -

Oh, you like my front room? Yeah, nice isn't it. That's it, you just relax on the sofa. I enter, wearing my white bra and knickers. I love wearing white - it shows off my terrific tan and makes me feel like I'm a virgin - hey, it's my fantasy, I can dream if I like!

I put on my favourite ambient CD on the stereo. I do a teasy little dance for you, shimmying and flicking my long blonde hair about. Watch me put my fingers inside my knickers and play with my cunt, letting out a groan as I stick three fingers right up into my moist flaps. Sliding them out, I place them in your mouth for you to lick. That tastes good, doesn't it? Yeah, I knew you'd like that.

I stand back and slowly take off my bra, cup my tits in both hands and caress them, and pinch my nipples hard to make them stand to attention. The bulge in your pants tells me that turns you on big-time. I reach out and begin to gently rub your shaft through your trousers, making it harden and lengthen even more. Undoing your pants, I take your dick in both hands and squeeze it hard, then slowly begin to toss you off.

Taking your pants right off, I fall to my knees, grab your cock and smother it with my mouth. I move my head up and down your cock, sucking hard. Those slurping noises are pretty loud, aren't they? Mmmn, bet I could make you spunk your load right away, but I don't want to bring you off just yet.

Ah, that look of frustration on your face excites me, makes my clit tingle. I suppose I must be a bit of a bitch, really, but I'm sure you wouldn't have it any other way, would you, honey? I resume my dancing, take off my knickers, and thrust my cunt towards your face. See how I've cropped my bush really closely especially for you. Wouldn't you just love to bury your head there? Standing with my back towards you, partly spreading my legs, I bend over so my arse is right in front of you. Now watch as I gently ease one of my fingers it into my arsehole. I start to slide it in and out - mmmn, that makes me feel really horny. What a dirty slag I am, eh? So sweetlooking on the surface, and such a filthy scrubber underneath.

I turn and straddle one of your legs. I start to grind my pussy lips along your thigh. I leave a trail of my juice as I move along it. My clit rubs hard against your flesh, but still not quite hard enough for me. So, to get more leverage, I grip your shoulders. Yeah, that's better. Now I'm sliding faster and faster across your thigh, but I'd better pull away to stop myself from cumming. You see, I like to take my time - and besides, there's plenty more dirty stuff to come!

Okay, I'll sit astride you, like this, my cunt hovering over your stiff cock. I'll just wiggle myself into position. There we go . . . I'm slowly lowering myself onto your knob, teasing your helmet with my wet fanny folds, raising up every time you try to enter me. You let out a cry of frustration. God, how I love taunting you!

Oh baby, you've been very good, so I decide to give you a little reward. Leaning forward, I thrust my tits into your face. You

My arsehole is tight... so tight I can only work up and down your shaft quite slowly..."

grap noid of a nipple with your teetn, then start to suck hard on it. Here, I'll push it harder into your face. Like that, honey? 'Course you do! But you don't want to leave my other tit alone, so you grope it and pinch the nipple. Mmmn, so you can be a bit naughty after all! We have a lot in common, you and me. In fact I can tell you're itching to get stuck in a bit more, so let's ring the changes, shall we? Why don't I swap places with you on the sofa?

You kneel in front of me. I get the idea - I spread my legs wide so you can get your mouth onto my hot and sticky snatch. You eagerly lick my pussy lips, your tongue waggling, searching for my clit. Shock waves rush through my body as you find your target. Oooh, if only you knew what that does to me! Automatically, I push forward as though trying to engulf your head with my cunt. You increase the tempo, and I'm about to cum with that tongue of yours whipping furiously at my clit. Oh, ahhhh . . . my orgasm feels like a thousand fireworks going off! Makes me want to do all it all again soon - hope your jaw's not too tired!

I pull you up, and thank you by kissing you hard, sticking my tongue in your mouth, my lips pressing hard against yours. Slowly working down, I get to your nipples. Small and erect, they're just perfect. My tongue circles one of them and I nibble on its succulent flesh. Oh, those soft moans you're giving out tell me you like that. The sound spurs me on, and my tongue slides down your chest leaving in its wake a stream of saliva.

I work down to your balls, and suck hard so I can fit the whole sac in my mouth. With both balls in my mouth, my tongue prods and sloshes around them. Just think of the damage I could do with one sharp bite - but don't sweat it. I wouldn't dream of it!

Now I'm going to give you something special. Standing up and turning round, I lower my arse onto your throbbing cock. Getting fucked up the arse is so dirty - I love it and I know you love to do it too. Placing your hands on my hips, I coax you slowly into my tight arsehole. Mmmn, it's tight, so tight I can only work up and down your shaft quite slowly, in long strokes for starters. As I look down I can see your balls swing as your cock rams up me. Your hands grip tighter on my hips as you begin to increase the pace.

I start to frig myself, trying to keep in rhythm with your fuck strokes. My clit's so slippery as I rub my fingers across it, and with you banging me up the bunghole, a climax is well on the cards. Ooohhh - spoke too soon!

You slow down. I hope you're not trying to pace yourself, but I shouldn't have worried as I feel your hot spunk spurt into me. I wiggle

about to snake every last grop of it out of your cock. Oh, you're still so hard. Well, that's good - I could do with another orgasm, as getting banged up my back passage always leaves me begging for more.

I grab your cock, placing it over my mound and start to frantically grind it around and around my clit. Mmmn, that hits the spot! It's making me feel so horny, I need to cum right now, I really fucking need to! That familiar tingling sensation in my clit is building, building ... I ... I'm going to ... oh God, ohhhh, Jesus, that was sooo fucking dirty!

Blimey, I got so horny telling you that little lot, I wish I could get you and your hard cock around here right now, lover! Madison, Burnley A

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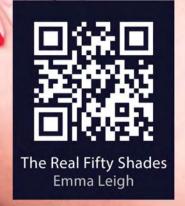
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TEXT GIRLS WHO NEED A GOOD FUCK - SEND 'SEX' TO 69469



he problem with joining a girl like Kenna as she performs her ablutions is that, no matter how much water you use, you'll still need another bath or a shower afterwards. You're either going to get dirty, or she's going to tell you to take a cold bath...

"I can see the two of us squeezing into this bath together,"

"I can see the two of us squeezing into this bath together," she teases. As long as you get the taps in your back!"

A small price to pay.

"And you need to scrub my back and give me a neck massage before we get into any sexy business."

We can do that.

"And I don't want your cum floating in the bath and sticking to me, so you're going to have to make sure that every drop lands in my mouth..."

If you insist... 🍨















What our well-placed moles are telling us this month...

OW THE WIE





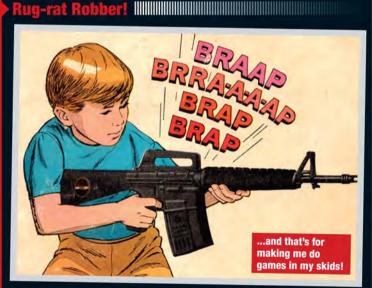
32-year-old Alabama man, Wiley Lee Sander, already in trouble for assault, now faces an additional charge of indecent exposure. Sanders allegedly asked the woman he had already assaulted to drop the charges against him and proceeded to drop his trousers. exposing his meat and two veg. Well, they must have been off as the woman in question closed the door sharpish and called the police

to report the incident. A warrant was then issued for his arrest. Still, it's a strategy of sorts...

Towel Off!

John Herrick, 54, was arrested outside his house after threatening and cutting his room-mate with a Stanley knife after an argument turned nasty over a dirty towel in the bathroom. It has been reported that Herrick was intoxicated at the time and cut his room-mate's leg, who was seen running from the house and was later hospitalized. Herrick faces charges of aggravated battery using a deadly weapon and remains on a \$100,000 bail. You'd have been better off just throwing in the towel mate.





Every parent asks their kids the question, "What do you want to be when you grow up?" but we think it's safe to say these kid's parents are dreading the answer.

Two schoolboys have been arrested in Serbia after storming a classroom masked and armed with a plastic replica pistol. The boys made off with the teacher's grade book, reportedly after a third boy received poor grades. The pair have since been charged with violent behaviour, jeopardizing public safety and destruction and damage of property.

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